

THE BITER WAS BITTEN

The Story of Gambler Foshay's Nervy Play.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

"There is a great deal of talk among people who play cards for money," said Tom Leigh, the veteran actor, "about gamblers who play a square game, and about the difference there is between one who is honest and one who is not. Now, of course, there is a foundation for all this. If there wasn't any, I don't suppose the talk would be continued so persistently as it is, but, as a matter of fact, it is mostly rot."

There is little question that Leigh knows as much of the seamy side of life in New York during the last half century as the next man, for he was one of the favorite actors at the old Bowers theatre before the civil war, and he kept in touch with the sporting element of the community ever since, though advancing years and rheumatism have made it difficult for him to get around for the last few months.

He is as ready to talk as ever, and once started on a train of reminiscences, will entertain a group of listeners by the hour. An inveterate card player himself, he delights in telling of the strange things he has seen over the green baize, but, like many other veterans, he has become cynical to a degree in his judgment of men.

"It is, of course, true that gamblers differ, as other men differ, in their personal character," he said, when some one asked whether all professional gamblers were crooked, "and there are men in the business whose word of mouth is as good as another man's bond, for any amount of money they will promise to pay."

"Then it is unquestionably true that there are bad gamblers who are played on the square. The bank is sure to win in the long run anyway."

"But when it comes to table games and short-card playing, it is a different question altogether. The gambler who sits down with one or two, or five or six, others to play draw poker, for example, is engaging in a contest of individual wits, and has to rely entirely on his personal skill."

"There is no percentage in his favor in a square game, and if he plays a perfectly square game he is putting himself on an equality with the man whose money he is after. The other man may be playing for fun, or for the excitement of the game, but he is playing for just one thing only, and that is the other man's money. And the question is: What are the ethics of gambling as the professional gambler is bound by them?"

"Now, in the first place, he is not likely to be a man who has much regard for any question of abstract morality. If he had he wouldn't be a gambler."

"He may be intelligent enough to see the value of a good reputation, and be careful enough to pay his debts for the sake of maintaining that reputation. To that extent he knows that honesty is the best policy, but so far as the game of poker is concerned it is not so easy to see it."

"Take an extreme case. Suppose a party to be playing cards, and one of the cards in the deck has some trifling imperfection. It is, we will say, purely an accident, and only one man at the table has happened to notice it."

"Say it is an ace, and he sits next to the dealer and sees that the ace is the first card that will come to him in the draw. With the advantage of this knowledge he is practically certain that he can raise before the draw and scoop in a big pot."

"Now, that makes what I call a very pretty situation, and I'd like very well to get inside of any poker player's

turn. Somehow I had a feeling that something was going to happen, even though I had not detected Starkweather in watching him, too, as closely as I could."

"When I saw that ace of diamonds on the top of the deck after the deal, and before the draw, though, I was sure that there would be something doing. I didn't at all know what it would be, but it was dollars to doughnuts that Foshay knew that he could set an ace by asking for one card in the draw, and there was at least room to suppose that Starkweather had intended that he should know it. If he had intended it, there was no question about what he proposed to do."

"Foshay looked at his cards and opened the pot for the size of it, which was \$10, for they were \$5 jacks, and Starkweather came back at him with \$25 more. Foshay looked again, and considered a moment, and then he said: 'Make it another \$100.'"

"At that Starkweather pretended to do a lot of thinking, but finally he said: 'Well, I think well enough of this hand to go broke on it if you can beat it, and he shoved up all the chips he had in front of him. It was some-where near \$2,000, but I don't know exactly how much."

"This made Foshay study for a long time. He was a deliberate sort of a cuss, anyhow, and I could see that he was puzzling a lot more over Starkweather's bluff than he was about his own chance for I was positive he knew that ace. But after a long time he said: 'I'll have to go you,' and he covered the bet."

"How many cards will you have?" said Starkweather, and I noticed that there was a sort of exultation in his voice, as if he felt sure of the pot, and as there was no chance to bet any more, because he had only a show-stopper for playing a part any more."

"To my amazement, Foshay said: 'I'll take three.'"

"He said it very deliberately, and looked at Starkweather when he spoke, as if he was trying to see clear through him. That made me look, too, and if there ever was a man stricken with astonishment, Starkweather was the man."

"It was surprising enough to have a man call a \$2,000 raise on a single pair, but that of itself wasn't enough to bring that look in his face. It was plain that he had fully expected to hear something else, and I made up my mind on the instant that he knew Foshay had three aces in his hand already, or at least that he believed he had given him three aces, counting on his calling for one after seeing the marked ace ready for him."

"Then I wondered what Foshay had in mind that made him throw away an ace if he really had three of them, and I realized that there was only one possible answer to that question. It must have been done to spoil Starkweather's draw."

"However, he had called for his cards and there was nothing else for Starkweather to do but to give them to him. Then he thought again for a moment or so and in a very different tone to that in which he had spoken just before, he said: 'I'll take one.' And he made his discard and dealt himself one."

"Of course, there was a showdown, and then I understood it all. Starkweather had a busted flush, but it was jack, ten, nine and eight of clubs, and Foshay had three aces and the queen and seven of clubs."

"When I asked Foshay about it afterward I said: 'You threw away an ace, didn't you?' and he told me he had."

"The way I figured it out," he said, "was that Foshay had stacked the cards, giving me three aces, and being content that I would see the fourth ace next. Of course, he couldn't do a thing like that without putting up a straight flush for himself against it, and I didn't believe he had it pat."

"He might just as well have taken it pat, of course, but I suppose he thought it would look better to fill it

in the draw. Anyhow, that's what I played it for, and that's the way it came."

"When I came to draw I had to stop and think what he expected me to do. He knew I wouldn't stand pat, for it was a showdown already, and I had nothing to gain by the bluff, because his money was all up."

"He might think, though, that I was suspecting something, and that I would only call for one card, knowing it was the ace, and that I might spoil his draw that way, so I figured that he had fixed them so that either the second or the third card to come in the draw would beat my four aces, and I decided to call for all three of them."

"That would leave me with three aces against his possible chance of making a flush or a straight with a card that he hadn't reckoned on. Of course, he might have his straight flush pat, and in that case four aces would not be any better than three, but, as I said, I didn't think he'd done it that way."

"When I saw what the two cards were—the queen and seven of one suit—of course I knew that he had the four cards between ten and either one of them would have made his straight flush, and I knew I'd beaten his game. There was still a possibility, of course, that he might get a club or a queen or a seven of some other suit, but, as you saw, he didn't get either."

"It was a case of 'biter bit,' of course," said Leigh in conclusion, "but there was no particular reason to exult over Starkweather at that. He was only doing what Foshay or any other professional would do if he thought he could do it without being detected."

THE HORSE LAID DOWN.

An Episode of the Montana Race Track.

(Washington Star.)

"Did you ever happen to see a walkover that wasn't one?" inquired a western man returning with his party from the Benning races the other afternoon.

All of them had to give it up, naturally.

"What's the answer?" they said.

"The answer is just as I state it—a walkover that wasn't a walkover," said the western man. "I saw an affair like that a few years ago in Montana. They have pretty good running races during the summer in Montana, although not much is heard of the country, on account of the greater interest attaching to the eastern races. They're a regular running circuit out there, with Butte—a sort of headquarters, and the class of animals that compete out there is pretty high. They are, for the most part, the horses that race on the California tracks during the winter months."

"Nowadays the discipline on the Montana tracks is about on a par with the high standard of race-track discipline in the east, but when the game first began out there the crookedness engaged in by all hands, from owners to jockeys and even stable boys, not to mention the conniving bookies, was something fierce. In this respect the Montana racing in its infancy didn't differ materially from the racing on the old outlaw tracks back this way—at Alexander island or Iron Hill, for example. Any old thing went, owing to the complacency of incompetency or worse of the stewards and judges, and some of the roughest frame-ups that were ever conceived under the hats of horsemen who needed the money went through with a rush."

"This walkover that wasn't a walkover occurred during the second season of racing at Butte. Nine horse-owners were involved in the cute little job. None of them had been having any luck with his string, and they all got together and arrived at the conclusion that they'd go after the money with a gnarled club, they required it so badly in their embarrassed business. So they decided to do it in this wise: Each of the nine was to take a horse to run in a six-furlong sprint, and on

the day of the race, and about a couple of hours before the arrival of the hour for the event, eight of them were to scratch their horses, leaving just one of them in, and this one, of course, to have a walkover—just a solitary canter around the track, while the gang in the stand whistled an appropriate quickstep, to capture the big end of the purse."

"What good was this going to do the other fellow? Oh, nothing, except that they were to send their commissioners to the pool rooms all over the state to put down gobs of money on the horse that was to have the walkover. All of the Montana pool rooms quoted morning odds, and all that the commission-ers had to do was to plaster their principals' bank rolls around at the morning horse-betting figures on the animal that was to swing around the course all alone, and then to go around and collect armfuls of money after the confirmation of the walkover."

"Well, the job was cleverly planned, and it went along on greased skids. On the day before the race the nine owners had a conference for the purpose of picking out the horse that was to have the walkover. Some of them were for picking out the best animal of the lot, the one that would be a natural first choice in the betting, so that they could claim, in scratching out the other horses, that they were afraid of the favorite, and knowing that their mutts had no chance to win, had concluded to take their horses out. The majority, however, wouldn't listen to this plan. They wanted big money from the pool room proprietors, and they knew that they couldn't get big money if they left the natural favorite in to have the walkover. So they finally picked out a horse that figured to be a 15 or 20 to 1 shot in the betting to execute the lone gallop around the course. The commissioners were given the name of the horse that was to have the walkover, and on the night before the race they all jumped out in different directions throughout Montana to get their principals' money down in the pool rooms of the different towns."

"On the morning of the day of the race they all wired in to the nine owners that they'd succeeded in getting the money down at odds averaging 15 to 1 against, and by the time all of these returns were in the pool rooms of Montana stood to lose something like \$100,000 on that beautifully arranged walkover. As soon as the owners got word from their commissioners that the money was down they began to scratch out, one by one, the last of the eight horses only being scratched about an hour before the race was to come off."

"Several of the owners were called into the stewards' room to explain what their idea was in scratching out their skates and permitting a common plater, that was bound to be a rank outsider in the making, to close with the big end of the purse simply by breezing around the course alone. They all told the stewards that their horses had been taken more or less sick that morning, owing to a new lot of inferior feed that had arrived at the barns the day before. It was a pretty fishy explanation, that, but, as I say, pretty near any old thing went on the Montana tracks at that time, and the owners got away with their little yarn all right."

"Well, the walkover was the second event on the card, and when post time for the second race arrived the solitary mutt came cantering out of the paddock onto the course and started to jog around the track, amid the whistling and stamping of the regulars in the stand."

"When the horse was nearing the far turn on the back stretch something queer happened. The animal was seen to come to a gradual stop, and just as he was due to make the bend he came to a dead stop, gazed dreamily over the railing, and then deliberately lay down in a soft spot right in the middle of the track. The boy on his back slipped off, and he started to punch and poke the walkover horse, but it was no use."

"The skate was just too sleepy to yield to any sort of persecution short of dynamite, and the hundreds of track followers who hustled up to the far turn to see what the matter was found the horse sleeping just as peacefully as a grouse coiled up in his burrow for the winter. They did everything imaginable to get the mutt to stand up and finish his walkover jog so as to finish within the time limit, but it was absolutely no go, and the time limit expired, thus making the race no-contest, while the animal lay there on the track as-slumbering."

"If you ever saw a sheepish-looking lot of horsemen those nine owners were the individuals. Their bag-killing hadn't come off, and not only that, but they had lost all of the money that their commissioners had bet, for morning betting in pool rooms is of the so-called 'pay-or-play' sort, and the walk-over horse having failed to execute his little canter within the time limit the pool rooms kept all the money."

"How did it happen? Oh, it was easy enough. When all of the horses were scratched out the pool room proprietors smelt a rodent and they sent frantic telegrams to the agent in Butte, telling him that they stood to lose their bank rolls if the walkover went through, and commanding him to go; busy. He got busy enough. A few minutes before the walkover horse was due to go to the post he gave the animal a large slumber capsule while the owner was looking, and the cute little sleep pill took effect in the nick of time, during the walkover, to cause the mutt to lie down and thus save the pool room folks."

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PRaises Wrong Edibles.

New Yorker Lauds Home Products With Disastrous Results.

(New York Sun.)

"It is not always necessary to throw bouquets when you are dining," said a New York traveling man. "When I was in an assas town not long ago, I was invited to the home of a customer to take dinner. The traveling man never permits himself to misunderstand an invitation to eat a home dinner."

"My customer's wife was one of those matter-of-fact, common-sense women to whom a primrose is a primrose, whether it grows by a river's bank or in a barnyard. Soon after I was seated at her daintily spread table I began fumbling for something of a gracious brand to launch which would show my appreciation of her hospitality."

"I opened on butter. It was worth traveling miles to taste such butter as that on her table. I said a few nice things about New York, of course; we all do that; but I admitted that there was no such butter in New York as that I found on her table."

"She couldn't understand that, for the butter I was tasting was from a firkin sent her by express by her aunt in Herkimer county. Just then I happened to think of a story, and the butter incident was relegated."

"We had got down to peas, and I allowed that there were no peas like the home-grown kind. It added to the consciousness of the pea to watch it grow and cull it from the vine."

"She thought otherwise; her peas had been a failure ever since the grasshoppers did her gardening last year, and George—that was her husband's name—had bought canned peas ever since. I had been throwing tulips at canned peas."

"I think I said something about the weather just then. That's what a man coughs up when he goes against the rocks. You would think after a throw-down or two such as I have mentioned that I would have confined myself to the monosyllable. And I would not the little woman spoke of the wild goose she served."

"At least," she said, in a splendid way, "we can offer you in this something you don't often have in New York."

"Of course. Allowing much in New York's favor I must say that the goose we get in the metropolis is a pretty tame bird. I admitted this. And then

I cut loose on the delicious meat of the fowl that honks. "I could conceive of no sport like that of hunting the wild goose. Then I quoted something from 'Hawatua' about the wawa—Longfellow for wawa, you know."

"I said her husband must be a mighty hunter. Of course it is only in the great open country that the wawa can be hunted, I said. I got a second round of wawa, and felt quite satisfied at least that I had hit the right trail. Then the little woman, looking at me with her gray eyes, said: 'I think we are indebted to Mr. Edison or some one of his school for the dish we are enjoying. Recently, quite recently, our modest little city has been lighting the streets with electricity.'"

"In the night when the sky is overcast these lights seem to attract the great flocks of wild geese which pass this way, and when they get into a radius of the lamps they become confused, and even the boys kill them with clubs."

"The wild geese we have this evening is quite modern. It was indirectly killed by electric light."

"Well, it was to laugh. There was nothing else to do. I didn't feel like it, but I laughed. And so I lifted my goblet in the pure, sparkling liquid which only Kansas could produce."

"From blank spring, in the state of New York," said my hostess.

"Then I laid down the time left on my hands at that house was devoted to a discussion of infant baptism, Cuban reciprocity, the Philippines, the best trust and Carrie Nation."

Hot Weather Weakness.

If you feel fagged out, listless and lacking in energy, you are perhaps suffering from the debilitating effects of summer weather. These symptoms indicate that a tonic is needed that will create a healthy appetite, make digestion perfect, regulate the bowels and impart natural activity to the liver.

This Herbine will do it; it is a tonic, laxative and restorative. H. J. Freeland, Proprietor, Grand View hotel, Cheney, Kan., writes: "I have used Herbine for the last twelve years, and nothing on earth can beat it. It was recommended to me by Dr. Newton, Newton, Kan." See ad. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Dr. C. I. Douglas's office removed from Commercial block to 201-202 Auerbach block.

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1000 yards fancy colored wash dimities, light and darks, all 8-13 value, two days' sale only, per yard 3c
500 yards Nainsook checks and satin stripe white goods, 12c value, two days' sale, per yard 6c
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900 yards 12c checked and stripe zephyr ginghams, fast colors, two days' sale, yard 7c
9-4 Pepper bleached sheeting, 27c value, two days' sale, yard 20c

Friday and Saturday

75c elegant dark figured satin stripe all-wool challies, two days' sale, yard 49c
20c fine 42-inch white India linen, two days' sale, yard 11c
Men's fancy Lisle, Mercerized and Lace with silk clocked half-hose, 65c value, this two days' sale only, three pairs 1.00
Ladies' fast black seamless hose, 12c value, two days' sale only, pair 8c
Ladies' \$1.25 two-clasp imported kid gloves, swell colors, every pair warranted, two days' sale only, pair 93c

Friday and Saturday

Men's white laundered shirts, 65c value, two days' sale only 42c
Gent's Pulley dress suspenders, 50c value, two days' sale only 28c
200 pairs Ladies' fine oxfords in broken lines, coin toes, all blacks, all \$2 and \$2.50 goods, two days' sale, pair 1.48
200 pairs ladies' fine willow calf ox blood lace walking shoes, French finish, all sizes and widths, every pair worth \$3, two days' sale only for 1.48
100 pairs Misses' \$1.50 coin toe shoes, two days' sale only 98c